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Alligiances

ALLEGIANCES

MARSHCLAN

Leader: Breezestar (Solid black tom with blue eyes)

Deputy: Berryheart (Pink-white she cat with amber eyes)

Medicine cat: Sagepelt (Pale sandy yellow she-cat with green eyes)

Warriors

Oatwhisker (Pale brown tom with green eyes)

Thrushflight (Brown calico tom with amber eyes

Splashpool (White and ginger tabby she-cat with blue eyes)

Clovertail (Tortoiseshell she cat with green eyes)

Icestorm (Grey she cat with white flecks and marking with icy blue eyes)

Rubblepelt (Grey tom with darker patches and deep amber eyes)

Muddyfoot (Solid brown tom with one white paw and yellow eyes)

Dappleleaf (White she cat dappled with brown tabby with yellow-green eyes)

Stormheart (Stormy grey tom with grey eyes)

Foxclaw (Ginger and cream tom with gold eyes)

Apprentices

Honeypaw (White she-cat dappled with yellow-ginger tabby with blue-green eyes)

Pebblepaw (Blue-cream tabby tom with green eyes)

Minnowpaw (Cream pointed tom with bright blue eyes)

Queens:

Silverfeather (Silver tabby she cat with deep blue eyes) (Kits: Mallowkit (pale grey tabby she-cat with minty green eyes), Cherrykit (Red brown she-cat with amber eyes) and Nightkit (Black tom with white tail tip and milky blue eyes)

Frostrose (Silver-pink tabby she-cat with silvery blue eyes)

Elders

Russetwhisker (Deep red-ginger tom with pale green eyes)

Squirrelfur (Solid ginger-brown tom with perky amber eyes)

PINECLAN

Leader: Leafstar (Brown tabby she-cat with white paws and green eyes)

Deputy: Eagletalon (White brown patched tom with yellow eyes)

Medicine cat: Blizzardheart (White tom with turquoise eyes)

Warriors

Shadewing (Solid dark grey she cat with blue eyes)

Cloudleap (White she-cat with green eyes)

Hawkflight (Dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes)

Darksong (Dark grey tom with green eyes)

Swiftbreeze (Silvery white she cat with

Hailwhisker (Blue grey tom with amber eyes)

Bouncetail (Ginger-brown tabby tom with pale blue eyes)

Owlstrike (Brown tabby tom with bright yellow eyes)

Stoneflame (Grey and ginger tom with dark blue eyes)

Lionstep (Ginger tabby tom with amber eyes)

Apprentices

Sleetpaw (Pale grey she cat with blue eyes)

Tigerpaw (Ginger tom with dark stripes and a white chest with green eyes)

Queens

Dawnheart (Cream she-cat with amber eyes) (kits: Thornkit and Toadkit) Mate; Eagletalon

Hazelshine (tawny brown and white tabby with green eyes) (kits: Amberkit, Fawnkit and Acornkit) Mate; Owlstrike

Elders

Heatherlake (pale grey she-cat with blue eyes)

Twigtail (brown patched tom with amber eyes)

Hey guys :D I need one name for a tom HALP MEH ;D

Chapter 1

CHAPTER 1

Cherrykit bounded over to her mother, and impatiently paused as she noticed Mallowkit trailing behind.

'Come on, Mallowkit!' She mewed.

'Coming.' Groaned Mallowkit.

Silverfeather purred at her kits.

'Patience, Cherrykit,' She mewed, a hint of laughter in her voice. She curled her tail around Cherrykit, who squealed in protest. 'Don't be in too much of a rush to become a warrior'

'Warrior?!' Snorted Cherrykit. 'I'm gonna be leader! And Mallowkit can be my deputy, right Mallowkit?' Mallowkit hesitated, scuffing her paws on the dry earth. 'Mallowkit?' Cherrykit mewed impatiently.

'Yes, Cherrykit.' Sighed Mallowkit.

'Cherrystar!' Snapped Cherrykit.

'Shhhh' Silverfeather gently hushed the kits. 'You'll wake your brother.'

'Well, why is he always asleep in the first place?!' Growled Cherrykit. 'He'll never be a good warrior like us if he's always sleeping on duty!' Cherrykit glanced at Mallowkit, who turned and fixed her minty green eyes on something else, pretending not to see the meaningful glance.

'He's only little.' Silverfeather softly mewed.

Cherrykit fluffed up her reddish-brown fur. 'He's the same age as us!' She retorted.

Silverfeather sighed and looked at Nightkit, who was curled up against her stomach.

'Enough of that.' She meowed.

The bushes of the nursery's opening rustled, and Silverfeather let out a happy purr at the sight the dusky tabby tom who gently padded inside.

'How are my lovely kits?' The tom fixed his translucent green eyes on Silverfeather.

'We're absolutely great!' Cherrykit chimed raucously. Cherrykit's loud personality never seemed to end. She was selfish and most of all rambunctious, always the one of the family to stir trouble or cause pandemonium in the middle of the night. It was rather strange, as neither of her parents held those traits . If Cherrykit's parents were to argue, it would be in the most passive-aggressive, soft tone until they worked something out together. Their relationship was a pretty harmonious sight. Most of the time.

Oatwhisker turned to look at Mallowkit, crouching down so that his whiskers nearly brushed her face. 'And how about you, Mallowkit?'

Mallowkit looked down at her paws again. 'Great.' She muttered, sounding visibly unenthusiastic. She never really seemed to hide it.

Oatwhisker grinned anyways. 'And where's our little Nightkit?'

Silverfeather uncurled her tail to reveal the tiny black shape of Nightkit against her silver belly fur.

Nightkit was the runt of the three. He was so small at birth, and wasn't expected to make it. His survival was "Nothing short of a miracle", as Sagepelt had put it. In the fact that Nightkit was expected not to make it, he was difficult work for his parents. He constantly needed sleep, and was certainly the most flimsy cat for his age. Only recently had his eyes even opened for the first time.

Nightkit blinked open his opaque milky blue eyes, the white tip of his tail twitching. 'Father...' He murmured drowsily. Oatwhisker touched his nose to Nightkit's, then straightened up. He had been hiding a plump mouse behind his back, but before he could whisk it out to surprise Silverfeather, Cherrykit found it.

'Dad brought a mouse, a huuuuge one!' She disrupted, her eyes wide amber disks at the sight of it. It was almost the same size as her.

Nightkit pricked his ears at the sudden noise, alarmed. Silverfeather rested her tail on his shoulder in assurance.

Oatwhisker stifled a sigh and gave a weak grin. 'Yes, I caught you all a mouse.'

'Thank you.' Purred Silverfeather, nuzzling Oatwhiskers cheek.

Oatwhisker smiled and dipped his head before leaving the den.

Cherrykit leaned over to whisper to Mallowkit 'One day, I'm gonna catch a mouse as big as that, and maybe you are too!'

Mallowkit flicked her ear in acknowledgement, sinking her tiny teeth into the grey fur of the mouse to nibble on it, while Cherrykit tore into the mouse, swallowing huge chunks.

Nightkit, looked up at his mother, who gently nudged him towards the mouse, and Cherrykit gave a loud snort. Everything was a competition to Cherrykit. As far as Cherrykit was concerned, Nightkit was always losing. She never ceased to show how pathetic she thought his efforts were.

Nightkit, aware of Cherrykit's so called "competitions", narrowed his eyes and tried to take Cherrykit bite for bite, but his stomach moaned in protest, and Nightkit stumbled blindly backwards, ever so conveniently into Cherrykit, who shoved him so he splayed on the ground, trying not to mewl in hurt in front of her.

Sliverfeather lightly whipped her tail against Cherrykit's flank, and when Cherrykit looked up to meet her mother's blue gaze, she could see a stern warning glowing in them.

What?! She thought. *He's supposed to be a warrior. Warriors are supposed to always be prepared.*

She flicked her gaze over to Nightkit, who was being roughly licked by Silverfeather, his eyes squeezed tightly shut. *Pitiful.*

Mallowkit padded over to lay down next to him, a glare fixed on Cherrykit.

Mallowkit! Cherrykit thought indignantly. *You of all cats should've known I was doing the right thing!*

Silverfeather beckoned Cherrykit with her tail, and Cherrykit loped over sulkily beside Mallowkit. She closed her eyes slowly. *I guess they're all jealous because they know I'm gonna be the BEST warrior.*

Hope you liked it so far! Needs editing here and there, but meh, I'll get to it :D I love all you guys who are reading/have read this, you guys are THE BEST :D see you next chapter~ also sorry if it's short, I just keep on rolling

Chapter 2

CHAPTER 2

Mallowkit gaped her jaws into a yawn, opening her minty eyes.

She looked over at Cherrykit, still fast asleep, her tail swishing.

She turned to face Nightkit, whose blue eyes were surprisingly open.

‘Hi Nightkit,’ She mewed. ‘Why are you up so early?’

Nightkit let out a groan, lying down again.

‘Are you okay?’ Mallowkit asked anxiously.

Nightkit just let out another groan, rolling onto his back.

Mallowkit frowned. ‘I’ll fetch Sagepelt.’ She padded out through the hole in the bush and padded to the cave of the medicine den. She silently crept in, and could see the pale sand; almost white coloured shape of Sagepelt sleeping in her nest.

‘Sagepelt!’ She hissed in a loud whisper. ‘Sagepelt! Wake up!’

Sagepelt slowly blinked her eyes open. ‘What is it?’ She murmured tiredly into the moss of her nest.

‘I think there’s something wrong with Nightkit!’ Replied Mallowkit.

Sagepelt grunted as she got to her paws, and stumbled into the nursery, Mallowkit at her tail.

Silverfeather and Cherrykit were awake, Cherrykit chasing Silverfeathers twitching tail, while Silverfeathers worried gaze was fixed on Nightkit, not daring to let her eyes of him for one second. Silverfeather let out a relieved sigh when Sagepelt entered.

Sagepelt prodded his belly, and he let out a loud wail of protest.

‘Shut UP, Nighkit! You’ll wake all the warriors!’ Cherrykit snarled.

‘Shhhh! Nightkit’s ill, Cherrykit!’ Silverfeather silenced her with a flick of her tail.

Mallowkit sat, watching Sagepelt work curiously, and miming what Sagepelt was doing with Nightkit to the ground.

Sagepelts eye caught hers, and she flattened her ears in embarrassment, but Sagepelts eyes were sparkilng with a feeling Mallowkit couldn’t identify.

‘So, what’s wrong with Nightkit?’ Silverfeather asked, nibbling her lip.

‘He ate too much last night. He might throw up because it was too much to have in his little stomach.’ Sagepelt replied. ‘It’s best that he does, so that he gets a bit out to make himself less full.’

‘What’re you going to giv-‘

‘Who cares!’ Cherrykit interrupted Mallowkits question. ‘This is boring, come on Mallowkit, lets go play outside.’

‘Wait!’ Mallowkit meowed.

Cherrykits eyes flew wide. Mallowkit usually just did everything with her, no questions.

Mallowkit gave her an apologetic look. ‘I just want to watch for a little bit. I’ll come later, promise!’

‘Fine,’ Cherrykit grumbled. ‘But only just this once.’

‘So, what were you saying?’ Sagepelt turned to Mallowkit.

‘Oh. What are you going to give him?’

‘I’ll give him nettle to make him vomit, but if it continues I’ll give him some willow leaves.’

Mallowkit opened her eyes. ‘I’ve seen you use nettle before, when

Minnowpaw got bitten by a snake. It was to make her puke to get rid of the poison, right?’

‘You are absolutely correct!’ Replied Sagepelt, astonished.

‘I think I remember what it smells like. Can I go get it?’ Mallowkit offered.

‘Certainly!’

Mallowkit lowered her head to Sagepelt and bounded towards the medicine den. As she entered, many herbs scents wafted to her nose, some she recognized, some she didn’t, but she loved the smell anyways. She looked around, analyzing each shelf, trying to name all the herbs she knew, before she spotted the nettle.

She carefully picked it up and raced back to the nursery.

‘Is this right?’ She panted.

Sagepelt looked into her eyes. ‘Yes, it is.’

‘Great!’

Sagepelt fed Nightkit the nettle, and soon he started to make some weird noises.

‘Everyone step back.’ Sagepelt warned, slipping a leaf onto the ground in front of him.

Mallowkit obediently did a s she was told, and turned as she heard the revolting noise, followed by a few throaty coughs.

‘There.’ Sagepelt picked up the now-disgusting leaf by the stem and left.

‘Where’s she going?’ Mallowkit inquired.

‘Probably to bury it in the dirtplace.’ Silverfether replied between licks of Nightkit’s ruffled black coat.

Mallowkit nodded. *Maybe I should go back and help Sagepelt.* She thought. *Oh, no! I forgot! I was going to play with Cherrykit!*

'I'm just going to go see Sagepelt!' She called to Silverfeather hurriedly, and didn't bother checking to see if her mother had listened.

She bolted out of the nursery, then stopped. *Where* did *Cherrykit go?!* Cherrykit hadn't told her and she sighed as she realized the only way would be to follow Cherrykits scent.

Mallowkit pressed her nose to the ground, and soon had picked up Cherrykits trail. It lead her, unsurprisingly, out of camp and into the marshlands. The scent was getting stronger, but then, suddenly, the trail stopped and there was a much stronger smell. She lifted her head to see a patch of wild garlic. *Mouse dung! I should've never told her how to disguise her scent.* Mallowkit thought in frustration. *I hope she didn't go too far.* 'I should get help,' She muttered to herself. She froze, a sudden thought enetering her mind. *What if she went through PineClan territory!*

Mallowkit bolted as fast as she could back to camp, skidding to a halt at the warrior blocking the entrance.

Thrushflight was looking down at her with glowing amber eyes.

'What were you doing out of camp, little one?' He inquired.

'Looking… for… Cherrykit…' Mallowkit choked out between deep breaths.

'So you're telling me Cherrykits out of camp too?'

'Yes,' She replied 'She disguised her scent with wild garlic.'

'Clever.' Admitted Thrushflight.

'So will you help me?'

'I will help,' Thrushflight told her 'But you have to stay in camp. We don't want you getting into any trouble either.'

‘Fine.’ Grumbled Mallowkit, her tail drooping. She slumped back to the nursery.

‘Where have you been?!’ Exclaimed Silverfeather when Mallowkit walked in.

‘I was with Sagepelt, you already know.’

‘No I don’t know!!!’ Growled Silverfeather irritably. ‘I went to check on you with Sagepelt, and she said you were long since gone, in fact, you hadn’t been with her in the first place! And where is your sister?!’

‘Alright,’ Mallowkit hated arguing with her mother. ‘I went to look for Cherrykit, to play with her, but I couldn’t find her. Thrushflight went out to look for her.’

Silverfeathers eyes lit with horror.

Mallowkit looked at her paws, unable to look Silverfeather in the eye.

Nightkit padded over from the other side of the nursery, his tail flicking. He looked over at his mother.

‘Are you okay?’ He asked.

‘Yes, my kit,’ Silverfeather replied feebly ‘Everything is fine.’

Mallowkit shifted her paws uneasily. *What if Cherrykit’s dead!? It’s all my fault!* She wailed in her head.

Uhhhh…. Not very much too say, except this is really horribly written and I apologise. Also I really don’t like how it turned out, aaaaaand it’s awfully short. Ugh. Sorry to people reading this :/ (yeahhhh I havn't edited it or anything like that, and I suck at writing long chapters XD) I also don't exactly know where this is going, kinda making it up as I go along D: anywaysssssss….. yeah . Update soon (hopefully) 😺😳 XD

Chapter 3 part one

Hiya! I made this chapter into parts cos I got bored of writing from Cherrykits POV :/ it's really really reeeeeeeally short (hopefully I can make a longer part), but enjoy! 💗

CHAPTER 3 PART 1

Cherrykit

Cherrykit sighed to herself. *Why did Mallowkit even want to watch a boring medicine cat anyways? I'll show her. I'll…. I'll… I'll catch a mouse! No, a rabbit! That'll show her it's better than learning about boring old herbs.*

Cherrykit raised her nose, just how Pebblepaw had shown her. She sniffed as hard as she could. Suddenly she could smell a mouse. *I suppose I could catch a mouse* aswell *as a rabbit.* She thought. *That would really show her!* She padded through the leaves, trying not to crunch any of them, and soon the small grey pelt of the mouse appeared.

She crouched down, her tail swishing, brushing the crisp leaves.

The mouse looked up in alarm and scampered off.

Fox dung!!! She hissed in her head, and began to race after it.

She darted after it through the marshlands and into an area full of foliage and nature.

The mouse darted into a tiny hole in the bottom of a tree, and Cherrykit clawed the ground angrily, but then got distracted.

'What is that *smell*!?' Cherrykit screwed up her nose, and continued wandering through the undergrowth.

The pine trees were silhouetted against the blue sky, filtering the sunlight through the gnarled branches. The earth was damp under

her paws.

‘Where *am* I?’ She thought, confessing to herself, despite the smell, it was a pretty cool area.

‘And what are *you* doing here?’ A deep voice growled, spitting out each word in disgust.

Chapter 3 part two

CHAPTER 3 PART TWO

Mallowkit

Mallowkit sat lazily in the midst of the night. Nightkit and, surprisingly, Silverfeather were already asleep. Mallowkit just couldn't.

Not without Cherrykit.

Thrushflight still hadn't come back; most warriors already knew he was stubborn to his opinion.

But why, StarClan? Why Cherrykit? Is it my fault? Answer me!!! Mallowkit kneaded the ground with her claws.

She padded out of the nursery into the moonlight, hiding behind a tree stump as she noticed Clovertail guarding the entrance of camp.

She gazed up at Silverpelt. *Promise me Cherrykit's safe!* 'Please,' She mewed out loud.

'Who's there?!' Clovertail called out, pricking her ears.

Mouse brain! Mallowkit hissed to herself in her head.

'Who's there?' Clovertail repeated. 'It's no use hiding, I know I heard you.' She called, though her voice wobbled slightly with fear.

Mallowkit sighed. She didn't want to scare Clovertail into thinking it was a PineClan attack, so she staggered to Clovertail sheepishly.

Clovertail gasped with relief at the sight of Mallowkit.

'What are you doing out of the nursery?' She hissed, not wanting to admit how scared she had been.

‘I’m worried about Cherrykit,’ Replied Mallowkit, embarrassed.

‘Oh,’ The warriors voice softened. ‘I thought Thrushflight had come back.’

‘No.’ Whispered Mallowkit.

‘Maybe I could help look for him…’ Clovertail whispered back when she noticed the kit was close to tears.

Despite how snappy Clovertail usually was, Mallowkit had already been told she had a soft spot for kits.

‘Really?’ Squealed Mallowkit

‘SHHHHH!!!’ Hissed Clovertail

‘Sorry.’ Mallowkit lowered her voice as Clovertail lead her out of camp.

They wandered around for a while, and eventually Mallowkit couldn’t take it anymore.

‘What if she’s gone into PineClan territory?!’ She spluttered.

Clovertail frowned. ‘You have a point, but I don’t think that I would go into PineClan territory right now, some cat must be guarding the entrance there.’

Mallowkit couldn’t help but think how she had pulled Clovertail away from guarding *MarshClan’s* entrance.

She continued along tiredly, feeling zombified. Clovertail was far ahead of her, but she didn’t have the energy so keep up.

Clovertail paused, looking at Mallowkit. ‘Maybe we could rest for a bit.’ She lay down.

Mallowkit padded over to her, staring up at the moon, until it’s bright white light blurred into darkness.

~*~

‘Wake up Clovertail and Mallowkit! Wake up!!!’ Growled a deep voice.

Mallowkit opened her eyes. The moon was beginning to go down. *We fell asleep!* She realized in shock, getting to her paws.

‘Thrushflight!’ She exclaimed, seeing the tabby tom.

Clovertail stirred next to her, opening her eyes. She blinked. ‘NO!!!’ She gasped in disbelief. ‘How could I?! Falling asleep, you stupid, stupid mouse-brain!’ She growled to herself, fixing a glare on Mallowkit as if it was her fault.

Mallowkit shivered, and looked up at Thrushflight. ‘Did you find Cherrykit?’

Thrushflight looked at Clovertail. ‘First, I want an explanation of why Clovertail was not on guard as she was supposed to be.’

‘This kit begged me to leave with her!’ Accused Clovertail.

Mallowkits jaw dropped. ‘I did *not*!’

‘Just wait until Breezestar hears,’ Hissed Clovertail.

‘But-‘

‘ENOUGH!’ Thrushflight yelled.

The two she-cats stopped and looked at him.

‘I’m sure you both have reasonable explanations. Breezestar will not have any knowledge of either of you leaving camp unless either camp has been attacked,’ He looked at Clovertail ‘Or if I choose to. Understand?’

Both cats nodded.

‘To answer your question, Mallowkit,’ Thrushflight continued ‘I managed to get a glimpse of Darksong holding Cherrykit captive.’

Mallowkit gasped. ‘What will we do?’

‘I’ll take up the matter with Breezestar,’ He replied ‘But for now, we must get back to camp, before sunrise!’

No cat said a word on their way back to camp. Clovertail took position at the entrance. Thrushflight began to pad towards the warrior den but stopped as he heard hushed conversation coming from the elders den.

Intrigued, Mallowkit followed him to the mouth of the den, neither cat daring to peek around the corner.

‘I promise you, there was no cat there!’ Russetwhisker was rasping. ‘All I did was go to the dirtplace. No guard at all!’

‘Are you sure?’ Replied Squirrelfur.

‘Of course I’m sure!’ Russetwhisker snapped ‘Oh, when Breezestar hears about this…’

‘Really really really? I’m sure there is a cat there.’ The new elder replied.

‘Go and check yourself if you don’t believe me!’

Thrushflight and Mallowkit raced to hide behind the nursery tree-stump as Squirrelfur padded out.

‘Greetings, Squirrelfur.’ Clovertail called from across the clearing.

‘There *is* a cat here!’ Squirrelfur called to Russetwhisker.

Russetwhisker poked her head out of the den, and let out a disdainful sniff at the sight of Clovertail.

Mallowkit felt a nudge towards the nursery.

“Go.” Thrushflight mouthed, and Mallowkit padded in, curling up next to Nightkit.

I hope Cherrykit’s okay… She thought as she fell asleep.

Yupyup :D That’s chapter 3 done for you folks! Once again, an

ultra short chapter, but I guess they call it short and sweet for a reason 😉! By the way, the symbols on the chapter title are just kind-of symbolising the main characters of the chapter. Should I keep doing that so you can try guess who they are or something (It's really for my entertainment, but it can be for yours too XD) Update sometime-ish hopefully! 🐱💗

Chapter 4

CHAPTER 4

I'm gonna do something a little different here ;)

Thrushflight

Thrushflight yawned and stretched at the light of dawn. Sure, he hadn't slept long, but he had more important matters to attend to, but first, he decided to eat.

He nodded towards Clovertail, who was heading to her nest, before going to the fresh kill pile.

Splashpool was already there, and when she saw Thrushflight she looked at him, her tail gesturing towards the rabbit she had picked out.

'Thanks.' Thrushflight gulped down half the rabbit in no time, though he still felt ravenous.

Splashpool looked up. 'You can have mine if you want. I was planning on going hunting anyways.'

Thrushflight gave her a thankful look before polishing off the rest of the rabbit.

He stood up, Honeypaw stumbling blindly into him. Her eyes were glittering happily.

'Have you heard? Frostrose is expecting Berrystar's kits!' She scurried off, repeating the news to every cat in sight.

That was quick. Thought Thrushflight, with a pang of sadness. He had always liked Frostrose. *It doesn't matter!* He shook the thought out of his head. *As long as my leader is happy, so am I.*

He climbed up the rocky steps to the top of the ClanHill to

Breezestars den, in which Berryheart, the deputy, just padded out of.

‘Greetings, Thrushflight. What brings you?’ She asked.

‘I need to see Breezestar,’ Thrushflight replied. ‘It’s important.’

Berryheart narrowed her eyes but nodded towards the mouth of the den. ‘If it’s all *that* important.’

Thrushflight padded in, and with the first sight he saw, instantly regretted it. He looked to see Breezestar and Frostrose sharing tongues with a pang.

‘Hello, Thrushflight.’ Breezestar meowed, touching noses with Frostrose before dismissing her with a wave of his tail.

‘Hi.’ Thrushflight looked at his paws.

‘Is there something you need to talk about?’ Breezestar replied.

‘Yes, about Cherrykit.’

‘Ah, yes, I was expecting news on that.’

‘I’ve seen her.’

‘Where? Why didn’t you take her back to camp?!’ Breezestar cried.

‘She was in PineClan camp… With Darksong…’ Whispered Thrushflight.

‘That tom means trouble.’ Snarled Breezestar. ‘This is unacceptable! I will call a Clan meeting right away.’ He dismissed.

Thrushflight left the den and leapt off the ClanHill, just as Breezestar padded out.

‘May all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather under the ClanHill for a meeting!’ Breezestar yowled.

Thrushflight watched as warriors and apprentices streamed from their dens, into the clearing.

Murmurs from cats rose as a general chatter started.

‘Quiet!’ Bellowed Breezestar.

The chatter dropped like a deadweight stone.

‘We have an issue I need to share with the Clan. I am sure we have all heard about the disappearance of Cherrykit. Thrushflight has discovered her whereabouts.’

‘Where is my precious kit!’ Wailed Silverfeather.

‘Silence!’ Thundered Breezestar.‘She has been located in PineClan.’

Yowls of anger started amongst the clan.

‘Those manky little…’

‘Worthless fleapelts!’

‘We should attack them!’

‘Yeah!!!’

‘SILENCE!’ Demanded Breezestar. ‘I will go into PineClan with two warriors. Thrushflight and Dappleleaf, you shall join me. Dismissed.’

Thrushflight and a tortoiseshell she-cat padded towards Breezestar.

‘We shall leave immediately.’ Breezestar decided, beckoning them with his tail.

Breezestar lead them out of camp, Thrushflight to his left, and Dappleleaf to his right.

They padded through the Marshlands and continued on until they stopped at an area with thick foliage and forestry.

Dappleleaf curled her lip at the smell of PineClan. ‘Lets get this done with so I don’t have to spend too much time washing the PineClan stench out of my fur.’

Breezestar gingerly placed one paw over the border line, then took a huge step into PineClan territory, Dappleleaf and Thrushflight following.

Thrushflight looked around. *This is actually a pretty neat place.* He admitted to himself.

He stopped when he heard birds chirping and, by instinct, crouched down so his belly fur brushed the undergrowth.

Breezestar slapped his tail against Thrushflights flank. ‘This is not our territory-‘ He cut himself off briskly.

He was gonna call me mouse brain! Thrushflight sniffed indignantly.

I can’t help it. This place is so prey-rich. He let out another sniff. *Maybe that’s why PineClan cats are always so fat.*

‘Are you getting a cold?’ Dappleleaf joked. ‘Stop sniffing!’

Thrushflight narrowed his eyes, but let out a loud, playful sniff.

‘Shush!’ Breezestar growled. ‘You are not kits, and this is not your territory. Please-‘

‘I knew I smelt other cats!’ A deep voice growled.

‘Shhh,’ Another voice murmured, a she-cat. ‘We must find out what they want first, and if they no valid reasons *then* we can battle.’

Two PineClan cats leapt out of the bushes.

‘MARSHCLAN?! You….!’ Darksongs claws slid out and he curled his lip into a snarl, revealing grotty yellow teeth.

The silvery white she-cat stood in front of him before he could attack. She dipped her head.

‘Greetings, Breezestar. If you do not have a good reason to be here, you will be drove from out territory.’

‘Nice to see you too, Swiftbreeze. It’s very important. I need to

speak with Leafstar immediately.'

Darksongs eyes were slits of green ice. 'You believe that?!' He sneered.

Swiftbreeze looked at Breezestar. Her eyes narrowed.

'Very well.' She mewed eventually.

Breezestar, Thrushflight and Dappleleaf followed Swiftbreeze, Darksong trailing behind, muttering to himself, occasionally looking up and hissing.

The cats were soon at the PineClan camp, and Thrushflight flattened his ears at the unwelcoming murmurs amongst the surrounding cats.

In the center of the camp stood a giant willow tree. 'This is the ClanWillow.' Swiftbreeze told them. She padded towards the ClanWillow, and walked a semicircle around it.

Soon Thrushflight could see a huge hole in the giant tree.

'This is Leafstars den,' Swiftbreeze turned to face the hole. 'Leafstar!' She called.

'Yes?' A reply echoed back.

'We have visitors. MarshClan visitors.'

A brown tabby with white paws came to the entrance of the den. 'If it's important-'

'Which it is.' Interrupted Dappleleaf.

'Then,' Leafstar continued 'Only Breezestar may enter. The others are to be sent back.'

'No!' Thrushflights words escaped before he could stop them. 'We are here to act as Breezestars escorts and – if needed – bodyguards.'

'Very well,' Leafstar meowed. 'But you shall be under constant

supervision.'

'What are we, kits?' Muttered Dappleleaf lowly, so that only Thrushflight could hear.

Two PineClan warriors, a dark smoky grey she-cat and a tabby tom, padded out and sat in front of the two MarshClan warriors.

'StarClan help me…' Dappleleaf muttered under her breath.

Thrushflight shuffled a tiny bit closer to the ClanWillow, straining his ears back in an effort of trying to catch a word of the leaders' conversation.

'WHAT!?' A sudden yowl of outrage emerged from the ClanWillow den, the voice belonging to Leafstar. 'WE DID NO SUCH THING AS EVEN *TOUCH* A MARSHCLAN KIT!'

'Actually, you did!' A loud squeak emerged from behind the PineClan warriors den.

Cherrykit! Thought Thrushflight in dismay.

'Oh you are *dead*!' Cats turned their heads to see Darksong racing towards the warriors den.

'NO!' Thrushflight yowled, lunging forward, the dark grey PineClan she cat on his paws.

DUN DUN DUNNNN! I tried sooooo hard to make a cliffhanger scene that (hopefully) made you want more. I'll update when I update! >w<

Chapter 5

CHAPTER 5

Mallowkit

Mallowkit shivered. *When will Breezestar be back?* She wandered.

‘Cherrykit will be back,’ Meowed Silverfeather, as if she had read Mallowkits mind. ‘Breezestar will be sure of that. For the maintime, lets make sure Frostrose is welcome.’

Frostrose purred. ‘You are too nice to me!’

Silverfeather dipped her head to Frostrose. ‘I know what it’s like.’ She turned to Nightkit and Mallowkit. ‘Would you two like an apprentice duty to do?’

Nightkit nudged Mallowkit in excitement.

‘Yes.’ Mallowkit huffed.

Silverfeather frowned, but continued anyway. ‘You could try and collect some soft, dry moss for Frostroses den… If you are up for it.’

‘Yes!’ Squeaked Nightkit.

Nightkit and Mallowkit padded out of the nursery.

‘Whoa. What are you two doing out?’

They looked up to see Minnowpaw.

‘We’re apprentices now!’ Mewled Nightkit. ‘We’re gonna go and find some moss for Frostroses den!’

‘Knock yourselves out. It’s one less duty for me.’ She padded away.

‘She’s just jealous.’ Boasted Nightkit.

‘I hope Cherrykit’s okay.’ Mallowkit muttered.

‘She’ll be fine. She’s a warrior!’ Replied Nightkit.

‘What? No she isn’t! Not yet anyways.’

‘Well, that’s what she told me.’

Of course she would. Thought Mallowkit. *You’d believe her if she had told you she had jumped to the moon and back.*

Nightkit stopped. ‘Where do we even find moss?!’ He asked.

Mallowkit nodded over to the small amount of trees in their territory. ‘Over there.’

Mallowkit lead him towards them. ‘Moss usually grows near trees and rocks.’

‘How do you know?’ Nightkit questioned.

‘Sagepelt taught me.’ She froze, noticing she had said taught, not told. She glanced over at Nightkit, and luckily, he hadn’t seemed to notice.

They padded towards the patch of forestry together.

Mallowkit looked at the mossy roots of the trees and pressed her paw against it. ‘It’s still quite damp.’ She mewed.

‘It can dry.’ Nightkit pointed out.

‘Fine.’ Mallowkit began tearing off the moss.

Nightkit padded towards a large boulder and began ripping off moss.

They worked in silence.

‘It’s all still wet.’ Sighed Nightkit.

It was nearly sunhigh, and the sun was burning against their fur.

‘We should lay it out in the sun then,’ Suggested Mallowkit.

‘Sure.’ Nightkit and Mallowkit began dragging the moss out of the shadows and laying it into neat strips in the sunshine.

Nightkit lay down tiredly. ‘It’s quite hard, isn’t it?’

Mallowkit was reluctant to agree, but abruptly nodded, not wanting to show she knew of her brother’s “strength”. *Weakness.* She knew he was weaker, undersized, and how he wasn’t supposed to survive at birth.

She lay down beside him to show how “tired” she was, and, despite how wide-awake she felt, began drifting off into sleep.

∼*∼

Mallowkit felt some cat shaking her. She looked up to see a starry cat in front of her.

She widened her eyes. ‘Am I…. dead…’

‘No,’ The cat purred with laughter. ‘You’re dreaming, little one.’

Mallowkit shot the cat a confused look. ‘I think you have the wrong cat. I think you probably wanted Sagepelt.’

‘No.’ The cat repeated. ‘My name is Fernwing, and I was looking for *you,* Mallowkit.’

She knows my name. Whatever she has to tell, she wants me *to know.* Mallowkit fizzed with excitement and looked up at Fernwing.

‘I have come to warn you.’

Mallowkit shivered as Fernwings tone hardened.

‘Warn me…. About what?’

‘You should not be afraid. This is but a small thing compared to….’ Fernwing trailed off. ‘We needn’t worry about that now.’

Mallowkit glanced at her. ‘Then… What is it?’

‘Choose wisely. Do not make a mistake with your choice. I did that and…’ She trailed off again.

‘My choice?! Wait!’ Mallowkit yowled as Fernwing faded.

‘Tell Silverfeather that I miss her…’ Fernwing whispered, before disappearing.

‘Wait!!!’ Yowled Mallowkit. *There is so much more I need to know.*

~*~

Mallowkit was roused awake by Nightkit. ‘Wake up.’ He mewed softly. ‘The moss is dry.’

Mallowkit flicked her gaze to the sky, it was only just past sunhigh.

She realized she hadn’t been asleep for long. It felt like she had been asleep for moons.

Nightkit grabbed as much moss as he could, and Mallowkit only just managed to hold the rest.

They trudged back to camp, occasionally being tripped up by the moss.

As they went along, a million thoughts were fluttering in Mallowkits mind. *That cat… Do I know her? How does she know Silverfeather? What does she mean by choose wisely? What am I choosing? Does she know the fate of Cherrykit?*

How do you all like it? Sorry for the shortness of my chapters, >-< I really suck at long chapters >:D lemme know if you want more :3

Chapter 6

CHAPTER 6

Thrushflight

‘NO!’ Thrushflight yowled at the top of his lungs. The smoky grey PineClan cat pounced on him, but to both cats surprise, both Breezestar *and* Leafstar were racing towards Darksong.

Breezestar leapt on top of him just as Thrushflight heard the slicing noise and the yowl of pain coming from Cherrykit. He closed his eyes. *Please, StarClan. This can’t be happening.*

The she-cat got off him and began awkwardly licking her fur.

Leafstar sank her fangs into Darksongs scruff and hauled him away, as Breezestar dragged out a bloody red-brown shape.

Cherrykit! Thought Thrushflight in horror.

A white tom raced out of one of the dens.

‘Quickly, Blizzardheart!’ Called Leafstar. She had her ears flattened in distress.

Blizzardheart pressed his paw against Cherrykits flank, and a small gasp came from her.

‘She’s alive!’ Exclaimed Breezestar.

‘But she’ll bleed to death if you don’t do something.’ Dappleleaf padded forward.

‘Where’s Sleetpaw?’ Asked Blizzardheart.

Leafstar turned to the smoky grey she-cat. ‘Shadewing, go fetch Sleetpaw. This will help her training.’

Shadewing dipped her head and bounded away. Soon she was back with a pale grey she-cat, a little smaller then Thrushflight.

‘Sleetpaw,’ Blizzardheart greeted his apprentice. ‘Go get some cobwebs and some horsetail or marigold, whichever we have most of.’

Sleetpaw gave a brief nod before bounding off.

‘Will she be okay?’ Asked Thrushflight anxiously.

‘Hopefully.’ The PineClan medicine cat replied.

Hopefully isn’t good enough.

‘Well,’ Dappleleaf mewed. ‘Can we at least help in some way?’

‘Sleetpaw is fine!’ Blizzardheart snapped.

‘Okay, okay.’ Dappleleaf meowed in an irritated voice.

Soon Sleetpaw bolted back out, her mouth full of herbs and cobwebs. She dropped them on the ground next to her mentor.

‘Great job, Sleetpaw.’ Blizzardheart praised. ‘Now, you press on the cobwebs as soon as I’ve applied the marigold.’ He ordered.

Sleetpaw obediently picked up the cobwebs. Cherrykits blood was beginning to pool around their paws.

‘Do *hurry.’* Breezestar huffed in annoyance.

Blizzardheart shot him a fierce look as he chewed the marigold. He spat it onto Cherrykits wound and began rubbing it on.

‘Now!’ He mewed, and Sleetpaw pressed the cobwebs onto the wound immediately.

‘It’s still bleeding!’ Exclaimed Thrushflight, unable to bear how calm the PineClan cats seemed to be at this horrible situation.

‘Yes, thank you for stating the obvious.’ Blizzardheart meowed, clearly annoyed.

‘Some herbs don’t take effect immediately.’ Sleetpaw explained.

Thrushflight heard Breezestar take a breath of relief when the bleeding slowed.

Leafstar paced around Breezestar.

‘I’m so terribly sorry for this incident.’ She murmured.

‘It’s okay.’ Breezestar replied, knowing the stress of being a new leader.

‘No,’ Hissed Leafstar. ‘It’s not.’

Breezestar’s face reflected Thrushflight’s surprise from the response.

Leafstar looked at him, her green eyes pleading.

‘Please. Just tell me one thing. What do I do with Darksong now?’ She had clearly never faced a case like this.

Breezestar thought hard.

‘Well,’ He finally mewed. ‘Lets speak in private.’

Thrushflight watched as the two cats disappeared into Leafstar’s den.

He would’ve followed to try and listen in, but he had to stay with Cherrykit. He promised Mallowkit he’d find her. He’d never break a promise.

Lol another utterly short chapter :U I’ve been quite busy sorry for not updating :(

Chapter 7

CHAPTER 7

Nightkit

Nightkit curled into a ball, flicking his ears, unable to block out the sound of paws dragging across the den floor.

‘Could you stop pacing?’ He squeaked. ‘You’ve been doing it for moons!’

Mallowkit stopped in her tracks and stared at Nightkit.

‘No!’ She hissed through her teeth.

Nightkit lowered his head.

‘Sorry, but no.’ Mallowkit sighed. ‘It’s just that... well... forget it. I’ll go somewhere else if it’s bothering you so much.’

Sure, that might’ve been bothering me, but what’s bothering you? Nightkit thought. He knew that something was wrong by the worried tone that shivered through Mallowkit’s voice, and something told him it wasn’t just Cherrykit.

He crept out of the den after Mallowkit, who seemed to be heading along the trail that lead to the Moonfalls. Nightkit slunk along the rocky trail, behind the scattered ferns along side of it. He kept his tail lowered, but not so low that it scraped amongst the leaves. He was shocked that Mallowkit hadn’t noticed him. Hadn’t Cherrykit “trained” her to be the second best warrior?

He let Mallowkit go ahead a little so he could get out of the ferns that were breaking away from the trail. He leapt out, but his tail got

caught on a thorn bush, and he let out a little yelp as it tore a tuft of his silky black fur out. He tumbled onto the stony path, and rolled onto the other side just as Mallowkit turned around, her pale green eyes narrowed. She shrugged and turned back to the path. He let out a relieved sigh and stalked through the marshy grass.

Mallowkit halted at the small, crystal pool. She looked at the shimmering stream that trickled into the silvery pool, and leant over the pool to dip her tongue into it, letting the icy cold water run over her tongue. She lay down, and closed her eyes, and soon her breathing deepened.

Nightkit padded forward. What did Mallowkit need to know? And how come she had to consult *StarClan* to find out?

He strode forward and let the tip of his tongue meet with the falling water, and jerked back at the shock of how freezing it was. He light-headedly stumbled behind a bush, so Mallowkit couldn't see him, and collapsed, instantly falling into a deep slumber.

~*~

'Greetings, little one. You are not meant to be here, though I sense it is because of the presence of your sister.'

Nightkit looked up to see a starry short-haired tom looking down at him.

'Yes…' Admitted Nightkit. 'But for a good cause! She was worried about something, and I need to know.'

'Maybe it is your time to know. Is it really your wish to know?' The cat bellowed.

'Yes.' Mewled Nightkit, crouching down a little.

'Very well. Hear my words, and acknowledge them. You will get far, but there is an enemy lurking closer then you think. Do not spend all of your time worrying, for this destiny is something that I do not believe you are powerful enough to change.'

'What does that mean?' Nighkit mewed his voice barely audible, but

the cat had faded.

~*~

Nightkit flicked his ears up in alarm to the sound of the bush he had slept behind rustling, and the sound of frustrated murmuring of a voice that he recognized as Mallowkit. She must've fallen and gotten stuck, he realized.

He sighed. He couldn't just leave her, but helping her would blow his cover, then she'd get suspicious, then-

'You know I can hear you, whoever you are.' Mallowkit interrupted his thoughts, and he could hear her voice waver with fear.

'Stop clawing the ground and please help me! Please…?'

'Okay.' Nightkit whispered, hoping she wouldn't recognize his voice, though there wasn't much point in lowering it as it was obvious that she'd find him out soon anyways.

'Nightkit, is that you? Were you *spying* on me?' Mallowkit snapped as soon as the word left his mouth.

'Y-yes. I'm so sorry! I just wanted to know why you were worried, and why you had to go to StarClan to help and… and… Please don't hurt me.' Nightkit whimpered.

'I won't *hurt* you, you stupid furball.' Mallowkit mewed, her tone softening. 'Could you please help me though? If we're not back soon Silverfeather will have a fit.'

'Okay.' Nightkit meowed once again. He padded around to the front of the shrub, to find Mallowkit tangled in some twisted vines. He paused for a moment, trying to shape a solution, then let his tiny, razor sharp claws slide out. He sliced through the vines one by one, chewing through the tougher ones.

Mallowkit leapt out and shook some twigs out of her fur, and nodded at Nightkit in thanks.

The moon was beginning to rise, and the shades of pastel pinks and

oranges dappled Nightkits dark pelt as they trudged back to camp in silence.

‘Did you… find out anything?’ Nightkit had finally gathered up the courage to ask Mallowkit the question that had been chewing on his thoughts.

Mallowkit turned to face him, the bright colours of the sunset reflected in her eyes, and gave the slightest of nods.

When she turned away again and continued back to camp, Nightkit continued.

‘So did I, you know.’

All Mallowkit said in reply was ‘Sagepelt said, all cats keep their StarClan dreams a secret, unless you are telling it to the leader or medicine cat.’ She paused, turning around to face Nightkit, her tail flicking in in the bright lights, her expression serious. ‘And you, are no leader or medicine cat.’

With that, she turned away without another word.

I am so sorry for not updating!!! And here I bring you this excuse of a chapter. Sorry! I’ve been so busy lately… Hope I can update again soon-ish! <3 thanks for all the support!

AUTHORS NOTE

Hey guys, Vi here! Oh my goodness, it has been SO long. About a year? Gosh... I just wanted to say, I am shocked. Like, so shocked. My twelvie self wouldn't believe it (xD). Yeah, when I started this, I was 12, and I'm turning 15 soon. After my 14th birthday, school got intense, so I kinda just... Stopped.

I came back and noticed SO many comments and a crap tonne of support from people who've recently been reading. I am sososo surprised. I gave up because I thought no-one liked it.

So, if you're still reading and want me to continue, please comment on this so I know how many people will stay with me!

I'm considering re-vamping previous chapters with my newly improved vocabulary and writing skills (óuo)), so if I do that I'll let you know so you can re-read it all! Thank you guys so much, I love you all.

~Vi <333

P.S. Did I mention that I love you? I LOVE YOUUUUUUUUUUUUUAAAA~~~~

Edit: Screw it, I'm gonna start redoing the chapters! I can't wait to make them better! Also, I think I'll kickstart a chapter 8 to head your way ;)

Edit2: Re-vamped Chapter 1! Tell me how you like it! Personally, I think it's MUCH improved. Love you all! ~

Chapter 8

Thrushflight

Dried blood made for thick scarlet that created clumps in Cherrykit's fur. The kit looked better now, more peaceful; her breathing was steadily paced, although ragged, an occasional tail flick indicating a slightly uneasy rest. It's not like Thrushflight expected her to rest easily, though. After the trauma and the deep injury, he was shocked the young kit had survived at all. However, she looked pretty well, despite what had happened. Sort of well. Maybe it was just Thrushflight trying to convince himself.

Thrushflight sat directly to Cherrykit's left, awaiting a signal to leave, or a command to do otherwise. He clearly had too much time on his paws. Breezestar must've been really engrossed in the conversation, but he could understand why the decision would be difficult. Regardless of saying that, to Thrushflight, it was obvious. *Exile him!*

The sour scent of PineClan was clinging to his fur, with a firm hold that he was sure would not let go for moons to come. It wasn't exactly that he wanted to *leave*, he just wanted to get up, put feeling in his quavering legs. But he couldn't leave Cherrykit. He didn't trust a single cat in this Clan.

All he could do now was think. Think about Darksong, think about Frostrose. Think about her kits. The silvery-pinkish cat was having kits. With their leader. *And here I was, thinking she loved me. Thinking she felt the same.* He thought, the chilling feeling of loneliness washing over him. He shivered. Not due to cold air. He was sad.

Change of topic. No more Frostrose.

What was Breezestar saying to Leafstar? *Oh StarClan*, He thought, *I don't know what I'll do if they don't exile Darksong. No-one will be safe if he's willing to do* that *to an innocent kit.*

Another topic Thrushflight wasn't invested in thinking about. It made him shake with terror to imagine Darksong still roaming amongst the Clans. He'd never think of that tom the same way, not after what he'd just witnessed.

What to do... Thinking wasn't quite working for him. Observe. He eyes swept across his surroundings. It wasn't very interesting, in all honesty. Pine trees, each a slightly different hue of green. All relatively murky in colour. Multiple needles were peppered on the ground, some brown with age and others fresh and green, looking as though they had just fallen, which they probably had. Pine needles fell all year during each season. They were timeless. With all of the layers of Pine needles coating the ground, it was almost impossible to see the Earth underneath. If there was a patch of visible dirt, it was dark, almost black, and consistently moist. It was like a sponge; it appeared to soak up the water but never quite dried completely. Similar to the dirt of MarshClan, but much, much darker from the lack of exposure to the sun. There wasn't much in the area scenery-wise. Pine trees as far as the eye could see. Distant mountains that maintained a smoky grey blue colour, capped with snow in each season but GreenLeaf. The same sky he loved to look at each night, only the view was mostly concealed by clusters of trees. *So many trees... If-*

His thoughts were broken by a familiar sound. Breezestar clearing his throat, as he always did before speaking to more than two cats. That was Thrushflight's cue to pay attention. He peered down briefly at Cherrykit. It was becoming a habit now. She was still okay, very much to his relief. However, it wasn't like her state was going to suddenly change. It was already established that her life was in tact. *So why do I feel like something's still wrong?* Thrushflight asked himself.

"PineClan, I have made up my mind, with assistance from Breezestar." A hoarse she-cat's voice broke through the air. It had a small tremble in it. Leafstar still had a bit to learn about being a leader, but PineClan's previous leader, Robinstar, hadn't chose her for no reason. After some practise, she would be great. Thrushflight was sure of it. He had seen her in battle. She was strong, well experienced in her battle moves, but she was smart about using

them and knew the perfect timing for each manoeuvre. That's how he pictured her leading. Powerful, but patient enough to make sure everything happens in their time.

A cold, damp nose nudged against his thin flank-fur.

"Thrushflight, we must go now." Breezestar whispered.

"But I don't know what they're doing with Darksong yet!" Thrushflight objected.

"It doesn't concern you, for now. Now come!" Breezestar hissed brusquely.

Thrushflight let out an unnoticed grunt of disagreement but hauled himself to his paws, following Breezestar out of PineClan. Dappleleaf was behind him, with Cherrykit dangling from her jaws. Cherrykit looked a bit like a squirrel that they had just caught. A bloody squirrel.

They sauntered out of the pungent PineClan odour towards their own, superior-smelling Clan. There wasn't much to do as they travelled but make small-talk or just not talk at all. As if nothing had happened.

"We're so lucky to live where we do," Remarked Thrushflight, an impotent attempt at small talk; a statement that was over before it began. "This place is horrible." He'd never fully appreciated the luxuries of his home until he had experienced what PineClan had to offer. There were murmurs of agreement, but no proper replies, and a silence that followed, lasting for the entirety of the journey.

The trail they walked was dense with pine needles (No surprise, as was the rest of PineClan's territory) that constantly pricked their soft paw-pads as they went along. It was no wonder that PineClan cats were so hardy, since they have to walk along with these conditions regularly. When the ground, overrun by an abundance of Pine trees, began to vanish into the bog, they knew they were approaching the comforts of their territory.

Thrushflight didn't know how to feel at this point; excited because

Cherrykit was safe, nervous because he wasn't aware of the consequences Leafstar gave to Darksong, worried because Cherrykit was ill, afraid of what Breezestar would make of this whole ordeal and so many other things that came into play as well.

Like Frostrose. Another qualm of sadness that he was forced to shake off. If he was in a different Clan, he wouldn't have to deal with his constant mood swings towards a she-cat who would never feel the way he did. Sharply, he reminded himself that the only other Clan he would have to go to was PineClan, and just a few moments earlier he had stated his relief at the fact that he *wasn't* a PineClan cat.

Get over it, He growled at himself. *You're home, you're a MarshClan cat and you're here to make your clan proud, not* her. *Today you did a good thing. Cherrykit is okay now, thanks to you.* A small wave of pride. He'd done something right, today. For the first time, he wasn't going to be modest. He would take this victory.

Right as he had finished that thought, he heard a sound that made his heart skip a beat.

Cherrykit had thrown up blood. A lot.

Oh man it feels good to get back into the writing swing might I just say! I hope you guys all enjoyed this reasonably short chapter (heh). I'm still pretty short with my chapters, but I've promised myself - and you guys! - that each chapter will be at least 1000 words. I might edit this chapter because I have a habit of re-doing that stuff x-x"

Hope you enjoy!

-Vi <3 xx

Authors note

You guys still interested in this story? Losing motivation for it...